

The Feeling of Being in Motion Again by 2sdaynight

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Summary:

“When I looked at you I felt like I couldn’t breathe... it was so fucking scary to look you in the eye sometimes.” Eddie says, croaking out his words through tears. “I felt sick. And I- and I looked at you and I felt sicker. I was so scared of getting you sick too, Rich...”

Richie lets out a wet, humorless laugh. “Ed’s... I was born sick.”

(or, another “Eddie gets a divorce and moves in with Richie” fic except this time he’s manic)

The Feeling of Being in Motion Again

Author's Note:

Richie is bipolar and Eddie is co-morbid bipolar with ADHD but this fic is definitely mostly just them coming out and getting together, with a dash of mental illness here and a splash of internalized homophobia there

The shocking part about Eddie Kaspbrak standing in his doorway, was that it was *Eddie Kaspbrak*, and that he was *standing in Richie's doorway*. Twenty-seven years have passed since the last time Eddie stood in Richie's doorway, and in this moment he feels like a giddy teenager and an embittered repressed old man all at once.

“Ed’s!” he smiles, because he can’t help himself. He’s expecting the usual ‘don’t call me that, asshole!’ in response, he’s looking forward to it, but instead Eddie just gives him a tired smile.

“Rich!” He replies, much softer than Richie had been, but with the same enthusiasm lining his voice. It made Richie smile all the wider, still weak in the knees at the slightest bit of attention from Eddie, even now. Richie doesn’t have enough time to process the fact that Eddie is at his door, let alone ask why, before He’s being pulled into a warm hug. On reflex, he hugs back, gripping Eddie so tightly he swears he can hear a slight wheeze from the smaller man before he’s crushed against Eddie with the same vigor.

There’s a million thoughts running through his head in this moment, things like ‘What are you doing here?’ and ‘I love you!’ and ‘We text all the time, why didn’t you tell me you were coming?’ and ‘I love you, you’re perfect!’ and ‘How is physical therapy going? Are you okay to be travelling by yourself?’ and ‘I love you so much it hurts, please marry me!’

“I missed you!” Is what he settles on, feeling like an idiot when he sounds as though he hasn’t seen Eddie in years rather than the short two weeks it’s been since Eddie was given the all clear from the hospital to make the trip back to New York.

They parted ways in the airport, Richie having flown into state with Eddie to make sure there were no complications. Eddie was the one who insisted he make his way back to L.A., while Richie would've been more than happy to keep playing nurse until he was sure of Eddie's safety and recovery for himself. He had said there were things he needed to take care of, to be brave about, and how could Richie do anything but wish him luck. They held each other for as long as they could before Richie was forced to let Eddie go at the announcement of his plane boarding, and he swears he can hear the sound of his own heart breaking as he walks away from the man he's loved all his life once again.

He'd spent every day with Eddie since what happened in neibolt, and having to walk away from him now felt like a knife to the gut, or maybe through the cheek. The minute he had seen Eddie's face for the first time in twenty-seven years was the very same minute Richie could feel an R+E being re-carved onto the surface of his heart. The same heart that was currently attempting to pound it's way out of Richie's chest at the sight of someone who he knew for certain was the love of his life, something he'd known since he was thirteen, at least.

It hit him like a ton of bricks, or maybe more like the strike of a loud gong, but Richie found himself feeling like he was thirteen once again. Like he was thirteen, and he was best friends with a beautiful boy who's smile and energy rivaled the sun itself. Like he was thirteen and all he could think to do was annoy that beautiful boy and hope he didn't get sick of Richie. Like he was thirteen and he was watching the beautiful boy who liked to pretend to hate all of his dumb jokes laugh until he was breathless because of Richie. Like he was thirteen and he was falling in love with that laugh.

Richie was forty however, and a sad, tired forty at that. He was forty, and still ashamed of himself for something he's barely brave enough to say out loud. He was forty, and in love with a married man who he hadn't remembered existed for a full twenty-seven years. Most of all, he was forty, and he was desperate to hear that beautiful boy laugh again.

He would have to work for it, though, and only finally hears the beautiful sound as it echoes through Eddies room in the hospital once

he wakes up after surgery. Richie had refused to leave Eddies side until he woke up, simply waiting with Eddies hand clasped tightly in his own as he continued to refuse requests from the rest of the losers club for Richie to do even some kind of self care.

By the time Eddie had woken up, Richie looked and felt like he had been hit by a truck at least six times over, and Eddie of course had looked even more exhausted and beaten than him. He was disoriented, and confused, and Richie could've (and did) cry when he heard the first words of Eddies mouth.

“Rich... you’re okay?”

It took a long moment for Richie to compose himself, long enough for the nurses and doctors to run in and check all of Eddie's vitals and reflexes while Richie just stood in the back of the room and heaved out ragged breaths and sobs in an attempt to calm himself down. Eddie seemed a bit more with it by the time Richie was able to sit back down in the chair next to the hospital bed, and the concern etched onto his face as he looked at Richie was enough to make the taller of the two almost break out into another fit of tears.

They talked for what must have been hours and hours that day, and the next day too, and the next couple of weeks after that. It's like they had never stopped talking in the first place, their quick witted banter falling as easily back into place as falling back in love with Eddie had been, and Richie found himself smiling more in Eddies hospital room than he had in the entirety of the twenty-seven years spent without him.

They held each other as they talked too, some sort of physical contact between the two seemingly a necessity as long as they were in the room together. Sometimes it was as simple as lacing their fingers together, and other times Richie found himself sitting on the edge of Eddie's hospital bed, forehead pressed tightly against his injured friend in an attempt to soothe either of their crying. If the other losers had noticed the way Richie never let go of Eddie's hand unless he had to, if they noticed how Eddie openly reached for Richie's hand whenever the other takes his rightful place in the hospital chair next to Eddie's bed, they didn't mention it.

But neither Richie nor Eddie had mentioned it either. They hadn't mentioned it in the hospital while Eddie was recovering, they hadn't mentioned it during the long expansive hours of physical therapy, they hadn't mentioned as they planned Eddie's trip back to NY, and they certainly haven't mentioned in the daily texts they sent each other almost obsessively after their separation at the airport.

Richie has thought about saying something, he's thought about it every single day since Eddie woke up... but he's not brave like Eddie is. Even now, with Eddie standing at his front door, suitcase in hand and asking to be let in, he doesn't feel brave enough to do anything other than open the door wide and ask if he has any other bags.

As it turns out, Eddie's big business to take care of in New York was divorcing his wife, which Richie only finds out about halfway through Eddie's second beer and Richie's fourth.

They're sitting on Richie's living room floor, sides pressing together easily and closer than either really had an excuse for. They remained leaning on each other as they both down another beer, laughing until their sides hurt as they catch up on any little thing that hadn't been shared through text already during their time apart. Richie thinks he shouldn't be laughing about his best friend's divorce, but Eddie just seems so fucking giddy about it, he can't help the laugh that bubbles out of his throat.

They had talked about Eddie's wife, of course, but he had liked to keep things vague with whatever he chose to tell Richie, and Richie wasn't about to push too hard. For once in his life, he kept his mouth shut, and let Eddie share what he was comfortable with sharing.

He was married, but he wasn't happy. He wasn't happy, and he hadn't been for a very long time. He hadn't ever said the word 'divorce' and Richie didn't dare bring it up either, though his heart ached at the thought of Eddie going back to an unhappy marriage and an unhappy home life. Eddie Kaspbrak deserved the world, and Richie Tozier wanted nothing more than to give it to him. He didn't want to wrap Eddie up and keep him safe from the world, he wanted to encourage the bravest man he's ever known to face the world head on, and tell them him how proud he is afterwards. If Eddie only asked, Richie would give him everything he was able to, and then

some.

But Eddie had never asked, and Richie had never offered.

Now, as they sit together on Richie's living room floor, Eddie tells him everything. He tells Richie all about Myra, and how she treated him, and Richie listens. He listens as he hears Eddie describe what might as well have been a carbon copy of Eddie's mother, and he seethed in silence as he imagined how joyful Sonia herself must have been over the pair. He's more than a little enraged on Eddie's behalf, but all he sees from his friend is the joy of someone still riding the high of getting out of a bad situation merely hours ago.

According to Eddie he had told Myra he was leaving her and boarded a plane to L.A. in the very same day, and Richie could tell from the electric energy bouncing off of his friend that Eddie was manic. Probably having been triggered by the adrenaline rush of leaving your abusive wife, Richie couldn't blame Eddie for practically bouncing in his seat as he recounted tales of his shitty marriage at a breakneck pace, waving his hands around as if that helped him tell his story better in any way.

Richie couldn't blame him, and he was proud of him, in fact. So fucking proud of Eddie he could burst with it.

"You're a free man!" he cheers, raising his beer to toast the air in front of him. "To Eddie Kaspbrak, the man who married his mother and then decided, 'fuck that actually'!"

Eddie, to his drunken, manic credit, barks out a harsh laugh instead correcting him. "And to Richie Tozier," He adds, raising his own drink. "The dipshit who's housing my divorced ass!"

At that they both swig the rest of their drinks, and Richie offers to grab another round from the fridge. Standing up, he misses the warmth of Eddie leaned up against his side, and misses it fiercely the moment he steps away, cursing himself under his breath for acting like such a teenager. Grabbing two more beers, he takes an extra second to compose himself in the kitchen, and remembers the last time he and Eddie had gotten drunk together.

'Let's take our shirts off and kiss!'

Quickly, and with a deep blush spreading through his cheeks, he pushes that thought back down, heading back to the living room with the drinks and absolutely zero expectations or hopes or fears.

Eddie isn't quite in the same jovial state as Richie had left him in however, expression sullen as he enters the room. Richie can tell the manic energy Eddie had entered his home with earlier that day was fading, and fast, and he wracks his brain for some sort of dumb joke to get Eddie to smile back at him, anything to get them back in proper spirits. Eddie is quicker though, and changes the tone of the evening with a single sentence.

"...How the fuck did I let this happen?" He asks with a dry laugh, but there's no more humor in his voice.

"Ed's-" he starts, but Eddie cuts him off.

"No, Rich, I'm fucking serious. Who does that? Who- Who marries their '*'mommy'*?" Eddie demands, voice dripping with sarcasm on the last word.

Richie isn't sure how to respond, being twenty-seven years out of practice in handling Eddie's rapid cycling episodes. Eddie had always been quicker with his mood swings than Richie was, being able to cycle through manic to depressed and back to manic within the hour. Richie himself can spend days, or even weeks, in one specific state, and hopes knowing how to deal with himself when things get too rough either way will be enough to help Eddie.

"Bev did." He states simply, logically. "I mean- it was her dad, but she walked away, and fell right back into the same situation." He hopes logic will bring Eddie back down, knowing none of the losers could possibly blame Bev for the monster she married. Why should Eddie blame himself?

Eddie shakes his head, "That's not- Bev isn't like me." He says, as though it makes any sense. "It's not the same."

Heaving a large sigh, Richie walks over to where Eddie is sitting on

the floor and sits there too, opting to sit back to back, leaning on each other for support, rather than next to, or facing his friend. Eddie continues before Richie can even begin to consider his words.

“I didn’t. I never loved Myra.” He says, strained. “I don’t think I can ever remember being happy with this woman that I’ve spent, Jesus Christ, Rich, how many fucking years of my life did I waste with a woman I wasn’t in love with?”

“...You don’t remember how long you were married?”

“That’s not the fucking point, Rich!” Eddie yells, and yeah, that’s fair. “I don’t want to remember! I don’t want to think about the twenty fucking seven years of my life that bullshit clown stole from me!”

Richie would like to say he considered what to say next carefully in this moment, but even he doesn’t think he believes that when he finds himself blurting out,

“He made me forget I was gay.”

There’s a pause, a beat of silence before he hears a short, “What the fuck?” from behind him.

“I mean. He didn’t- I- okay, fuck.” Richie tries. He could absolute strangle himself right now, what kind of fucking idiot comes out to his best friend in the middle of him having a panic attack about his divorce? Richie, apparently, and now he’s left to explain himself.

“Look I’m just- I’m trying to put things in perspective a bit here. We all have things that bastard clown took from us, but we’re all. We’re here for each other *now*, y’know?” He offers. “I knew for so long that I was gay, I can’t even remember when I first realized... and all I ever wanted was to get the fuck out of Derry, live somewhere I didn’t have to be fucking terrified of- of being myself.”

He takes Eddie’s silence as a cue to continue, so he does. “And the bullshit part of it all! Is that when I finally left... I was more scared than I ever had been in the first place. I forgot all the promises I made to myself and I just pushed it all down, the feelings, the wanting, the ache in my chest... I just pretended it didn’t exist. But I

could feel my hands shaking anytime I thought about it. I was free from Derry and I still couldn't let myself be- Gay. A gay man. Fuck dude, I'm still getting used to saying that *out loud*."

He drags a hand across his face, not caring that he's smudging his glasses in the least bit. "And then when I went back to Derry," *and*, he adds silently, *when I saw you again*, "I just. I realized instantly how fucked up it all was... and I've always *known*, y'know? But It's like I couldn't process that until I was back in Derry."

"I know exactly what you mean." Eddie sighs, and Richie knows that he does. "I was never happy with Myra, but it took coming to Derry for me to think '*hey, why the fuck aren't I happy?*'... and it took killing a fucking demon clown for me to actually do something to change that. To do something in order to be happy."

Richie smiled. "You deserve that Ed's. We all do."

"Yeah, we all do, *huh*, Rich?" Eddie says, tone shifting into something a little more light. Richie understands exactly what Eddie is getting at, and his smile falters a bit.

"Yeah, Yeah." He sighs. "I'm *trying*, okay? ...I talk to Stan about it sometimes. Bev, too. I bought something with a rainbow on it the other day and didn't even throw up until I made it to my car."

"Something with a rainbow on it?" Eddie snorts.

"I didn't see what it was. I saw the rainbow, grabbed it, panicked, and then threw up in my car." Richie says honestly. "It's still in the bag somewhere under my bed... I figured throwing it in the closet would be a step backwards."

Eddie gives a slight chuckle at that, and Richie mentally notes '*good coming out joke*' as he takes a moment to open his new drink and take a long swig.

"...But you're talking to the other losers about it?" Eddie asks softly.

"Well, just Stan and Bev, really." He says, wanting to switch topics. "Have you been talking with them? About the divorce, I mean."

“Just Bev.” Eddie answers, and doesn’t elaborate.

The silence hangs between them, and Richie considers offering to get Eddie the extra blankets from the laundry room so he can sleep this one off. Before he can decide whether or not to ask, he hears Eddie speak behind him, small and gentle.

“How did you know?” he asks. “You said you knew for so long that-
... *how did you know?*”

“Fuck, Ed’s, that’s a loaded question.” Richie replies, and God, He’s not drunk enough for this. If he were really drunk, he could blame what he says next on the alcohol, and not the fact that he is a huge fucking idiot who never thinks before he speaks.

“It’s kind of hard not to know you’re gay when you like- have the most hopeless crush in the world on your best friend.”

The change in Eddies energy is unmistakable after that, back tensing behind Richie and sitting in silence as Richie can hear his breathing growing faster and more labored by the second. Fuck.

“Richie... What the fuck?” He asked, voice wavering a bit. He continues before Richie has a chance to process the question anyways. “No, Richie, *what the fuck?*”

Richie falters for a second, unsure how he should respond. He could probably pretend he was talking about Bill, but he doubts Eddie would buy that.

“...Surprise?” is what he finally manages, and he can tell immediately that that was the wrong response.

“How could- how could you not tell me this years ago, when we were kids?” Eddie asks, and Richie can feel his stomach churn all over again at the very thought. Every night he spent screaming into his pillow because he was so terrified of his own feelings come back to punch him in the gut as Eddie desperately yells, “Why would you keep something like that from me?”

“I wasn’t trying to- how could I have told you?” he tries. Eddie moves to stand up, and Richie falls the short distance to floor without

Eddie's back there to support him. His head *thunk* s a bit painfully on the hardwood as Eddie turns to stare down at him. Richie lays flat on his back and looks straight back up at him, having to stop himself from making some joke about how Eddies balls are closer to him right now than Eddies face.

"Well then why did you tell me *now*!?" He yells, and if Richie looks close enough he can see that Eddies hands are shaking. Richie tries to swallow down the lump in his throat before he speaks.

"I... I don't know man! We're drunk! We're sharing! You asked! Is it really that big a deal?" Richie can feel his throat go dry as he talks, and sits up enough himself so he can at least face Eddie properly.

Eddie sputters indignantly, "Of course it's a big deal, are you stupid!?" and Richie can feel his skin crawl. His own tone switches quickly from desperate to angry, trying not to cry like he usually does when he yells.

"Actually, smart ass, stupid would have been risking my life telling the kid obsessed with how fast AIDS can kill you that I was in love with him!" and Eddie looks more than a bit shaken by his words, but Richie doesn't know when to stop, has never learned *how* to just stop fucking talking. "You wanna know why I didn't tell you? Because I felt fucking DIRTY, Eddie!" he says, much louder than he should have.

The silence in the room is palpable after that, Eddie wracking his brain for the right words, and Richie having lost the right words a long time ago. There's a sickening undercurrent in the eye contact the two men are making though, and Richie wants nothing more than to escape it.

"...I made you feel like you were dirty?" Eddie says, voice quiet and shaking.

Richie pauses for a moment, confused by the phrasing. Of course he did, Eddie had called him as much several times throughout their childhood. After a moment he realized what exactly was being asked, as Eddie looks at him like a deer in the headlights, eyes pleading for whatever answer Richie has to offer.

“Ed’s... I felt like I was dirty. Me, okay?” there’s another pause as he wills himself not to say ‘*sometimes I still do*’, too shaken by the miserable look on Eddie’s face to even consider the confession. “I hated myself and didn’t want to make that your problem... I’m sorry if finding out now makes you. uncomfortable. But I couldn’t- I couldn’t lose my best friend, dude... and I couldn’t risk anything worse either.”

His apology helps nothing though, as Eddie then looks at him as though he’s going to start hurling any second now. Richie feels how Eddie looks, and was summoning the willpower not to smack himself as he tries to figure out how to fix the mood that’s been absolutely ruined.

He’s on his knees now in front of Eddie, and oh, isn’t this just how it’s always been? The sinner on his knees before the savior, seeking a sign of forgiveness.

But Eddie’s eyes are desperate and pleading as he kneels back down to get on Richie’s level again, and his knees are knocking with Richie’s own as he notices the tears just starting to make their way down Eddie’s face now that they’re in each other’s eye line. Richie’s breath catches in his throat as the man he’s loved all his life stares at him like he’s something precious and breakable, as that man sheds silent tears with a quivering lip as though Richie had already been broken.

“Richie...” his voice is shaky and small, and Richie hates it. His eyes dart back and forth like he’s trying to figure out what best to say, or maybe if he should say anything at all. Eddie closes his eyes finally, as he reaches with an unsteady hand to hold onto one of Richie’s own. Palms sweaty and face clammy, he releases a breath Richie hadn’t noticed he’d been holding before looking him in the eyes once more. His voice cracked as he quietly admitted,

“I felt dirty too.”

And Richie’s heart glows and crumbles at the exact same time. He doesn’t know what to say, or how to respond, but without a second thought he squeezes the hand holding his own, and grabs at Eddie’s other hand until he’s clutching tightly onto both. Eddie chokes on a

sob and holds back just as tight. Richie doesn't realize he started crying too until he notices his vision is more than a little blurry as he looks back at Eddie and his terrified expression.

"When I looked at you I felt like I couldn't breathe... it was so fucking scary to look you in the eye sometimes." Eddie says, croaking out his words through tears. "I felt sick. And I- and I looked at you and I felt sicker. I was so scared of getting you sick too, Rich..."

Richie lets out a wet, humorless laugh. "Ed's... I was born sick." and Eddie chokes out another sob, something guttural that couldn't be stopped if he had tried.

His entire body was wracked with tremors and cries, and Richie's heart breaks to see Eddie, his strong, brave Eddie, shaking like a leaf. Eddie's head shakes vigorously, and he manages to speak through his crying.

"No! That's not- it shouldn't *be* like that!" He insists. "You made me so happy- you *make* me so happy, still. Happiness shouldn't make you feel sick." Richie feels like his hands are going to bruise from how tightly Eddie clings to them now. "Myra told me I was sick all the time, just like my mother. Maybe they knew when I didn't, but they treated me like I was *diseased*. And I fucking let them, because I could feel it too."

Eddie takes a few deep breaths to compose himself. "But I loved you. I love you. And I think loving you is the only thing that's ever made me feel strong. I think you make me feel strong, because you love me too."

Richie doesn't think before he speaks once more, but now, he doesn't need to think.

"I do." He says without hesitation. "I love you. I've always loved you, and I think I always will. I love you *because* you're strong, and smart, and brave, and funny, and- fuck, Ed's, you're *you*. I can't imagine anything better than that. Better than you. I love you. I fucking *love* yo-"

And it's like the world stops turning and starts again anew all at once

as Eddies lips crash into his. It's awkward, and sloppy, and Eddie's teeth click painfully against Richie's as he throws himself at the taller man, knocking Richie off balance and sending the both of them toppling backwards. Richie's head makes a loud *thunk* on floor once more, and he wonders if getting a concussion from the first kiss with the love of your life would be a bad sign or just a funny story.

As Eddies hands tug Richie closer by the collar, however, he decides he couldn't care less. Richie moves to cradle Eddies face, a gesture he's missed since their closeness in Eddie's hospital room, and Eddie balls his fists in Richie's shirt as though he could possibly get himself pressed any closer against Richie. The kiss is uncoordinated, frantic, and painful, but frankly he can't get his brain to function enough past *Eddie is kissing me* to actually do anything about it but kiss back just as desperately.

Eventually, Richie's chest begins to feel tight and he starts feeling dizzy, two symptoms he has around Eddie frequently, though this is the first time it's because they were kissing and he forgot to breathe. His hands move from Eddies cheeks to his shoulders, and he pushes him away long enough to take a few deep breaths.

This is too long for Eddie, apparently, as he lets out a frustrated huff and moves to pepper kisses along Richie's neck. Richie proceeds to let out an entirely undignified whine and clings to Eddies shoulders.

"Stupid fucking asshole." Eddie says between kisses, and Richie can feel the residual tears being pressed between their skin. "Can't even remember to breathe. You're such an idiot. I love you so fucking much. You're fucking incredible, you absolute moron."

A laugh bubbles up from Richie's throat, and then he's giggling like a teenage girl talking to her crush. It's something he can't help, even if he tries, a fit of giggles full of such genuine love and affection for the man on top of him calling him an idiot, that it makes him remember just how good Eddie is at making him laugh, at making him smile.

Eddie's laughing then too, tucking his head into Richie's shoulder to ride it out. He's still laying on top of Richie, their legs awkwardly tangled together, and Richie takes the opportunity to wrap his long arms around Eddies back and just hold him as they both shake with

laughter. It takes a minute for the giggles to subside, and Eddie is left whispering a soft ‘ *Jesus fucking Christ* ’ into the crook of Richie’s neck.

“What?” he asks, smile in his voice.

“Nothing.” Eddie hums. “It’s just that I almost died killing a demon space clown a few months ago, and yet, today is the busiest day I’ve had in years.” and Richie barks out another laugh.

“Holy shit!” He yells. “Bud, you left your wife *this morning* and then got on a six hour flight. How the fuck are you still standing right now?”

“Are you kidding me? I haven’t slept in two days, at least.” Eddie shrugs. He lets out a deep sigh after a moment, like he’s preparing for a confession. “I used to take medicine to help me sleep, but. I stopped taking them back in New York when I was getting ready to leave.”

Eddie sits up from his position on top of Richie, and then he’s straddling Richie’s hips, which, *okay*, and looking anywhere else but at the man underneath him. Richie has to take a second to collect himself, but manages to think past how good it feels to have Eddie looming over him and realizes that there was probably a lot more than just sleepy time meds that Eddie had stopped taking. There was a time when they were kids and he went off all his meds, desperate to rid himself of the placebos that plagued his waking life, and in doing so had thrown out his mood stabilizers as well, not knowing what medication was a necessity and what wasn’t.

Richie laid his hands on Eddie’s hips, the man he loved, the man who loved him back, and stared at him adoringly. God, Eddie was a fucking idiot too, and Richie couldn’t be happier to know this moron is going to keep him in check, and that Richie will do the same for him.

“Do you think you could sleep tonight? I’m not sure what time it is but it’s definitely *something* A.M.” He asks.

Eddie hesitates. “Can I- Can we maybe- fuck! We just made out, why is this so hard?” he says, and Richie smiles and bites his tongue,

trying to keep from mentioning that teeth and spit alone does not a make out session equal. “Can we sleep together?” and when Richie's opens his mouth. “In the same bed, asshole!”

Richie laughs, “I think we can arrange that, Eddie, my love.” and Eddies looks like he's short circuiting.

“Are you going to start calling me that?” he asks, sounding equal parts horrified and thrilled.

“You didn't say not to!” Richie notes gleefully.

Eddie stands up, and offers Richie his hand. “No, I didn't” he smiles. “Now take me to bed.”

“Right away, my lovely Spaghetti!” Richie chirps, letting Eddie pull him up. Eddie lets out a groan at the nickname that turns into a yelp as Richie lifts him over his shoulders like a sack of potatoes, and his protests go unnoticed as Richie hums some nonsense song on his way to the bedroom.

Richie awoke the next morning as the little spoon, wrapped in Eddies strong protective arms. He felt safe, safer than he'd ever felt, and loved. The most remarkable thing about Eddie Kasprak being in bed with him, was that it was *Eddie Kasprak*, and that he was *in bed with Richie*, holding onto Richie like he was something dear. He pulls Eddies arms a little closer, kissing the knuckles on both hands, and feels Eddie shift slightly behind him before there's a wet kiss placed between his shoulder blades.

“Go back to sleep, doofus.” Eddie hums, and nuzzles his face into Richie's back. Richie smiles in a way he hasn't for twenty-seven years, and he feels like a giddy thirteen year old with a crush and a grown forty year old man in love all at once as he falls asleep just long enough to get smacked in the face with a pillow for snoring too loud.

Author's Note:

“The most remarkable thing about you standing in the door, is that it's you, and that you're standing in the doorway” - Going to Georgia, The Mountain

Goats

hope you enjoyed !! I had a lot of fun writing this fic, and it means a lot to me to be able to work with these characters who mean so so much to me! Please feel free to make my day and leave a comment, or hmu w writing prompts on my blog @mewpuddin or art prompts on my art only blog @2sdaynight